

*From: "Half a Sixpence"*  
**Flash, Bang, Wallop**

by

DAVID HENEKER, GEORGE STILES  
and ANTHONY DREWE

Published Under License From  
Alfred Publishing Co., Inc.

© 1967 The Music Trunk Publishing Co. Ltd., Chappell Music Ltd., and Warner Chappell Music Ltd.  
Alfred Publishing Co. Inc.  
All Rights Reserved

Authorized for use by *Luke Arnold*

NOTICE: Purchasers of this musical file are entitled to use it for their personal enjoyment and musical fulfillment. However, any duplication, adaptation, arranging and/or transmission of this copyrighted music requires the written consent of the copyright owner(s) and of Alfred Publishing Co., Inc.. Unauthorized uses are infringements of the copyright laws of the United States and other countries and may subject the user to civil and/or criminal penalties.

# FLASH, BANG, WALLOP

Words and Music by  
DAVID HENEKER, GEORGE STILES  
and ANTHONY DREWE

Allegro ♩ = 126

Ab Bbm7 Eb7 Ab Bbm7 Eb7

1. All \_

Ab Bbm7 Eb7

— lined up in a wed-ding group, \_ here we are for a pho-to - graph. \_ We're all \_  
(2.) same thing hap-pened long a - go \_ when man was in his prime, \_ and

Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab

— dressed up in a morn-ing suit all try - ing not to laugh. \_ Since the  
what went on we on - ly know from the snaps he took at the time \_ When

Fm7 Bb7 Ebmaj9 Fm7 Bb7 Ebmaj9

ear - ly cave - man in his fur \_ took a trip to Gret - na Green, there's  
Ad-am and Eve \_ in their birth - day suit de - cid - ed to get wed, as

Molto rall.

Fm7 Bb7 3 Ebmaj9 Ebdim7 Fm7 Bb9 Ebsus

al - ways been a pho - tog - ra - pher \_ to re - cord the hap - py scene. }  
 Ad - am was a - bout to taste \_ the fruit \_ the man with the cam - era said. }

*molto rall.* *f*

A tempo

Ab Eb7 Ab

Hold it, flash, bang, wal-lop, what a pic - ture, click, what a pic - ture, what a pho - to - graph.

*mf*

Bbm7 Eb7 C7 Fm Bb11 Eb7

{ Poor old soul, bli - mey what a joke, hat blown off in a cloud of smoke. Clap hands, \_  
 Poor old eve, there with noth - ing on, face all red and her fig leaf gone. Clap hands, \_

Ab Eb Ab Eb

stamp your feet, \_ bang - ing on the big bass drum.

Ab Bbm7 Eb7 Ab(add9 Bbm7

What a pic - ture, what a pic - ture, um - tid - dly - um - pum - pum - pum - pum.

N.C. 1. Ab Bbm7 Eb7 2. E7

Stick it in your fam-ly al-bum. 2. The 3. You've

A Bm7 E7

read it in a fo - li - o or seen it in a Shake-speare play, how

Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 A

Ju - liet fell for Ro - me - o in the mer - ry month of May. And as

F#m7 B7 Emaj9 F#m7 B7 Emaj9

— he climbed the or - chard wall to reach his la - dy fair, As he

F#m7 B7 Emaj9 E#dim7 F#m7 B9 Esus

tum - bled she be - gan — to bawl — as he trav - elled through the air:

*Molto rall.*

*molto rall.* *f*

A tempo

A E7 A

Hold it, flash, bang, wal - lop, what a pic - ture, click, what a pic - ture, what a pho - to - graph.

*mf*

Bm7 E7 C#7 F#m B11 E7

Poor young chap, what a night he spent, tights all torn and his ra - pier bent. Clap hands, —

A E A E

stamp your feet, - bang-ing on the big bass drum.

A Bm7 E7 A(add9) Bm7

What a pic - ture, what a pic - ture, um - tid - dly - um - pum - pum - pum - pum.

N.C. A Bb

Stick it in your fam - 'ly al - bum. Hold it, flash, bang, wal - lop, what a pic - ture,

F7 Bb Cm7 F7 D7 Gm

click, what a pic - ture, what a pho - to - graph. Poor young chap, what a night he's spent,

C11 F7 B $\flat$  F

tights all torn and his ra - pier bent. Clap hands, - stamp your feet, -